

## Excuses For Missing Work

If it is all the same to you I won't be coming in to work. The voices told me to clean all the guns today.

When I got up this morning I took two Ex-Lax in addition to my Prozac. I can't get off the john, but I feel good about it.

I set half the clocks in my house ahead an hour and the other half back an hour Saturday and spent 18 hours in some kind of space-time continuum loop, reliving Sunday (right up until the explosion). I was able to exit the loop only by reversing the polarity of the power source exactly  $e \cdot \log(\pi)$  clocks in the house while simultaneously rapping my dog on the snout with a rolled up Argus. Accordingly, I will be in late, or early.

My stigmata's acting up.

I can't come in to work today because I'll be stalking my previous boss, who fired me for not showing up for work. OK?

I have a rare case of 48-hour projectile leprosy, but I know we have that deadline to meet...

I am stuck in the blood pressure machine down at the Brady's.

Yes, I seem to have contracted some attention-deficit disorder and, hey, how about them Lions, huh? So, I won't be able to, yes, could I help you? No, no, I'll be sticking with Sprint, but thank you for calling.

Constipation has made me a walking time bomb.

I just found out that I was switched at birth. Legally, I shouldn't come to work knowing my employee records may now contain false information.

The psychiatrist said it was an excellent session. He even gave me this jaw restraint so I won't bite things when I am startled.

The dog ate my car keys. We're going to hitchhike to the vet.

I prefer to remain an enigma.

My stepmother has come back as one of the Undead and we must track her to her coffin to drive a stake through her heart and give her eternal peace. One day should do it.

I can't come to work today because the MDEQ has determined that my house is completely surrounded by wetlands and I have to arrange for helicopter transportation.

I am converting my calendar from Julian to Gregorian.

I am extremely sensitive to a rise in the interest rates.

I refuse to travel to my job in the City until there is a commuter tax. I insist on paying my fair share.

I've used up all my sick days...so I'm calling in dead!